

These Hands

Hank Snow

These hands ain't the hands of a gentleman these hands are calloused and old
These hands raised a family these hands built a home
Now these hands raised to praise the Lord
These hands won the heart of my loved one and with hers they were never alone
If these hands filled their task then what more could one ask
For these fingers have worked to the bone
Now don't try to judge me by what you'd like me be
For my life ain't been much success
While some people have power but still they grieve
While these hands brought me happiness
Now I'm tired and I'm old and I ain't got much gold
Maybe things ain't been all that I planned
God above hear my plea when it's time to judge me
Take a look at these hard working hands
(God above hear my plea when it's time to judge me)
Take a look at these hard working hands